

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

The Italian Schools of Painting, with Observations on the present State of the Art. By the Rev. J. T. James. 8vo. pp. 307. London, 1820.

It is somewhat remarkable, that notwithstanding the growing taste for the fine arts which is now displayed in this country, and the numerous visits that have been made to Italy by both artists and connoisseurs, an historical account of the several Italian schools of painting is a desideratum of the present day. To supply this deficiency is the object of the present volume; and while we regret that Mr. James has confined his work to such narrow limits, on a subject worthy of being more extensively treated, yet we must acknowledge, that he has displayed not only an intimate acquaintance with the history of the art, but also with the peculiarities which distinguish the respective schools, and the nice discrimination of judging on the relative merits of each.

This work contains a catalogue of the painters in each of the schools of the several states of Italy, arranged according to the names of the masters under whom they studied, and the time in which they lived,—the places where their chief works may be found, together with the time of their birth or death. To each catalogue is added a compendious history of the school, pointing out the distinctions of the various styles and manners of painting, which successively prevailed; and interspersed with some biographical anecdotes of the artists. The *storia pittorica* of the Abbe Lanzi, forms the foundation of this work, in which are also embodied the observations of the author during a recent tour of Italy.

In the observations on the present state of the art of painting, Mr. James enters on an inquiry into the cause of its decline; a decline which is equally felt in every country where the art has been long cultivated. His remarks on this subject are, we think, much to the purpose; he says, that after each season of vigour, follows a season of decline, and that this is to be observed constantly and uniformly the case in the history of every school:—

‘First comes the inventor of a new style; then his scholars, who, though naturally his inferiors, imitate him with much success; next, a race of followers of his manner spring up, who are less fortunate in their efforts; next comes a horde of mannerists in the same style, who degenerate from the merit of their predecessors, as they had done from theirs,—and the art appears to decline, step by step. We may accept, on this subject, the explanation offered by Lanzi, in his remarks at the commencement of what he terms the fourth epoch of the Florentine school.—“It is a singular property of every school of painting, which lasts for any length of time, that it always carries to excess the fundamental maxim of its master:—

thus we have observed in the preceding epoch, (third epoch of the Flor. school:) so we shall observe in every period of the history of the art of painting: and if it were worth while, could make the same appear also with regard to taste in the art of writing; the corruption of taste being nothing else than a good maxim carried too far.”

Nor is this all: it is not merely the carrying a maxim too far, but the persevering in it too long, that brings on the stage of decay; and it is, perhaps, the operation of the principle that will be found more detrimental than the principle itself. Let any person consider what is the necessary effect of one fixed mode of representing objects being established; or, which is the same thing, the manner of one great master alone allowed to be received as good. The fashionable and prevailing style is, of course, forced upon every man who follows the profession: all minds, whether of great powers or small, are, by one levelling act, depressed alike, and compelled to work under the same fetters: each step made becomes the step of an imitator; the artist is permitted to look at nature with his own eyes, indeed, but through a fictitious medium; in short, to view her in that way in which another had fancied her to appear the best; this, too, is palmed upon him by the authority of others, his own choice not only not concurring, but inclining perhaps in a different direction. Such is the untoward condition of the mannerist; and thus is natural talent too often thwarted, and an artist's best faculties deadened, by being restrained from a free course of action. Now and then, we see some individual, possessing a certain share of originality, strike out a new line; and then he is raised to public notice by the Mæcenæ of the day. The spell is broken for a moment—a new manner appears and lives for a season; at length the day of dotage comes on, and this, too, falls irrecoverably, as its predecessors.

The second reflection which occurs is, that what is here stated to have happened in each separate period of the several schools, has also taken place generally with regard to the art at large. The great masters, M. Angelo, Raffael, Titian, Corregio, were contemporaries; and to their day succeeded a decline as universal as was the diffusion of the taste which they created. All the various styles that afterwards came into fashion, were, more or less, imitations of theirs, or built upon a combination of principles from their works and those of their followers; at best but subaltern novelties, increasing only in their quantum of insipidity, through a long descending scale, from M. Angelo Buonarrotti to Dandini, or Raffael Sanzio to Raffael Mengs. At Bologna, the great light broke out once more, owing to the talents of the Caracci family; but that was a new ground, where no mighty genius had hitherto arisen, to fascinate and enslave posterity: this once done, the same course took place there as elsewhere.

Imitation is inferiority felt and acknowledged; of the real consequences of the mental servitude thus engendered by the authority of great names, we find abundant examples in every period; and, though ever subordinate to the first, we see a regular succession of petty tyrannies established under each fashionable master of the day. The history of art presents us only with a catalogue of the succession of styles and manners. The manner of Raffael was, for a long series of years, the constant object of imitation in the Roman school; after him, that of Baroccio; then Caravaggio, then of the Caracci,

then of P. Cortona, and so onwards. Thus, again, M. A. Buonarroti, M. Ghirlandaio, Cigoli, Cr. Allori, &c. had each their turns at Florence; and parallel instances might be quoted from the other schools. Nor need this remark be limited to Italy alone; so natural is the practice in the prosecution of art, that we observe the painters of note, in all countries, when they have once gained a certain portion of reputation, establish their hold on the mind of their countrymen, and bias their prejudices and inclination as constantly as in the above instances. A similar course took place under the successors of N. Poussin, in France, as under those of Velasquez, in Spain; and the consequences showed themselves, as will ever be the case, in the necessary degradation of the powers of art. The nature, indeed, of this sort of fashionable fascination of the mind, and of the extent to which it enslaves the judgment, may be illustrated from a story told of one of our countrymen. There was a time when even the grace of nature, which Sir Joshua Reynolds so powerfully shed over his pictures, had to maintain a serious struggle against the prejudices of the age, towards the constrained and uniform style of his predecessors in portrait painting, for they had possession of the public mind. Ellis was, it seems, an eminent painter at the time of Sir Joshua's beginning to attract the notice of the world, and naturally enough attached to the older fashions, with which he had so long been familiarised. Having heard of the well-known picture of the Turkish boy, he called on Reynolds in order to see it; and perceiving his mode of painting to be very unlike the manner to which himself had always been accustomed, and, indeed, unlike any thing he had ever seen before, he was much astonished, and exclaimed: "Ah! Reynolds, this will never answer; why you do not paint in the least degree in the world in the manner of Kneller." But when Reynolds began to expostulate and to vindicate himself, Ellis feeling himself unable to give any good reason for the objection he had advanced, cried out in a great rage, "Shakspeare in poetry, and Kneller in painting, damn me!" and immediately ran out of the room.

In speaking of the condition of the arts in our own country,—of the progress that has been made by our native artists in the last century,—of the excellence which is still attainable,—Mr. James very justly observes:—

"If, in furtherance of our object, we would wish to turn our eyes to our own peculiarities, constitutional or habitual, and draw some advantages from the use we might make of them, we should perhaps bid fairer for success; we should then find our path smoothed in every way, and doubtless derive the same benefits from the sympathising and co-operative spirit of our countrymen in our case, as, it has been before alleged, the Italian artist has done in his. There exists, among other qualities, (it may be observed,) a certain keen sense of individual peculiarity, which may be said to form a part of our national character; and though its satirical turn is, perhaps, in other respects prejudicial, it may be here safely looked to in direction of our pursuits. It is to this we may, in some measure, ascribe the vast superiority of our countrymen in portraits, which has been just alluded to; and it is to the same quality, (however differently modified,) we may attribute the formation of a new style by a celebrated Scotch artist and his followers. It has been called, by some, an imitation of the Flemish and Dutch schools; but it needs only to be regarded with a little attention, to convince us that this is an imputation it by no means deserves. The first idea, no doubt, was caught from thence, but has been infinitely improved upon by reference to nature. Its aim, indeed, is of an essentially different and somewhat higher description: there is in it far more of moral intelligence and expression; and its resemblance to the other is no nearer than that which the spirit of true comedy bears to the broad humour of an every-day farce. It is, properly speaking, our own; and we have just ground of exultation, that these endeavours have been crowned with success; and such, too, as the jealous emula-

tion of our neighbours may wish to rival, but never can hope to excel.

"We see, therefore, our course clearly before us; there are stations in art already pre-occupied, and which, from the nature and prejudice inseparable from the human mind, never can be attained again. There are other degrees of eminence still within our reach; but these are to be surmounted only by those minds whose strength is invigorated by a judicious course of study, and this so regulated, that they shall not be overwhelmed by its pressure; by those, in short, who look upon imitation as the means, not as the end of art. If the precepts of art direct us in its pursuit, it is nature alone that can inspire our thoughts; and for this purpose, we must turn our minds to study amidst our native resources, and learn to investigate and feel what powers and gifts have been our own. At home we must live and learn; and we shall in time be brought to admit a truth with regard to the arts, which we lately seem to have learned in matters of higher import than these—to set a true value on the real and unbought powers of our own native arm."

It would much exceed our limits to enter into an analysis of the fourteen schools of painting here noticed, or to give their history; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with selecting a few biographical or anecdotal passages, and refer those who wish a more intimate acquaintance with the subject, to the work itself. In the account of the Florentine school, we have the following brief notice of that great master, Michael Angelo:—

"The greatness of Michael Angelo's talents soon opened a field for his exertions elsewhere: he was called to Rome in the year 1504, by Pope Julius II, and being, like most of the Florentine school, master of the sister arts, soon procured employment in the triple capacity of sculptor, painter, and architect. As a painter, it was not at first his intention, it is said, to have entered the lists; and he wished to have transferred the commission offered him in the Sistine Chapel, to the hands of Raffael, against whom he could as yet have felt no grounds of jealousy. He yielded, however, after a time, to the solicitation of his patron, and, after obtaining some instructions from Florence in the art of fresco-painting, set himself to his work, and finally succeeded in producing the miracle of art which adorns the ceiling of that place. During its progress, he refused to have communication with any person, even at his own house, (so entirely was he engrossed by his study,) while the chapel was, by his special desire, closed from the public eye; so strict was he in adhering to this idea, that he meant, it seems, to have excluded even the sovereign pontiff himself; and when he had one morning crept in by stealth, in order to gratify his curiosity, Michael Angelo, as if by accident, let fall some of his instruments from the lofty scaffolding where he was employed, so near to his holiness, that he was induced to make his retreat with considerable precipitation. Such conduct was not likely to be passed in silence by a character like that of Julius; he was so greatly incensed against him, that, (according to some historians,) Michael Angelo was forced to break off instantly from his work, and leave Rome till the storm should be appeased. Such, however, was his acknowledged superiority to all other painters at this day, that the Pope not only recalled him a few years afterwards, but was obliged to pay him considerable court, in order to induce him to resume it. The chapel was opened to the public when he had completed one half of the work; and it was at this period that Raffael caught that sudden inspiration, from contemplating the marvellous novelty of its style, which laid the foundation of his future greatness. The rest was finished in twenty months, although he was so nice in his modes of preparation, that all the more laborious minutiae, such as making his varnishes and grinding his colours, were entrusted to no hand but his own. This picture being finished, he occupied himself with the works of the chisel, as before, and his ordinary employment as architect of

St. Peter's, until called upon a second time by the Pope, to assist in the works of the Sistine Chapel.'

The professors of art in Italy, and indeed in other countries, have been divided on the merits of the two great styles of Michael Angelo and Raffael. Our author thus distinguishes them:—

'The style of Raffael, or the style of the Roman school, may be considered as characterized by the happiest union of grace and expression with dignity of form, and by a peculiarity of attitude in the human figure, which, from its sculpture-like quality, has been sometimes said to partake of the *statuino*. It is impossible, indeed, to regard his pictures, without associating their manner in our mind with that of the ancient statues. This feature is perhaps more easily recognised, when separated from those powerful accompaniments which his genius universally supplies: we detect its existence without difficulty amongst the works of his scholars and followers, who had indeed much of the *statuino* in their style, though not all happy enough, like him, to have snatched the Promethean fire.

'The figures of M. Angelo, are less classical and studied in their form, and though filled with equal, or perhaps sometimes superior, force of expression, are yet more natural. Nevertheless, to call them purely natural, would be to give a poor idea of his excellence; it is seldom in nature that we see personages who move as his figures move: there is a species of internal intelligence exhibited by their external attitude, that few persons in common life ever seem to possess, and there is a degree of impressiveness in their air, that arrests and fearfully rivets the attention. If Raffael's figures have elegance and dignity in their action, those of M. Angelo have grace and majesty: if Raffael's have force of expression, M. Angelo's have an intenseness of action that borders on extravagance: if Raffael is lofty in his ideas, M. Angelo is sublime. It is very difficult, however, to convey by words any distinctions of style, which is a matter so subtle and evanescent in its nature: but if one characterises Raffael's works as savouring rather of what is termed the Roman antique in sculpture, and M. Angelo's of the Grecian, it will serve to convey to those who have studied the difference of the periods to which these terms refer, the clearest idea of their respective styles. We are told, indeed, by Raffael Mengs, that he considers the former as having chiefly studied the taste of the Roman sculpture, and that "in his works are seen the most minute tracks of the arch of Titus and Constantine, with the bas reliefs of that of Trajan."

We meet with a singular instance of the fraud and treachery to which the jealousies even of artists will sometimes drive them in the account of the Neapolitan school. The names of the three professors who sought to establish a monopoly of the public patronage were Corenzio, Carracciolo, and Spagnuolo:—

'The Cavalier d'Arpino was engaged by the proper authorities to paint the cupola of the chapel of S. Gennaro: but as this occasioned great displeasure to the triumvirate, they united with one Belisario, a man of equally audacious spirit with themselves, and forced the knight, by their ill treatment, to quit the city before he had well entered upon his employment. Upon his departure, Guido was appointed to the charge, but he also was soon driven away: the mode they adopted was to lay hands upon his servant, and after beating him violently, to bid him go and relate to his master what had happened; adding, that he should say it was done by two men in disguise, who intended his death unless he took warning by what had happened to his servant. Guido lost no time in availing himself of the hint, but instantly fled. His scholar, Gessi, succeeded him, and by way of strengthening himself against attack, took care to be accompanied in his preparations for the work by two able-bodied assistants: the adverse party still pursued their plan, and finding means to decoy

these men on board a vessel lying in the roads, gave orders to set sail and carry them out to sea: their sudden disappearance was sufficient to awaken the fears of Gessi, and he consulted his safety by retiring as speedily as possible from the place. This time they succeeded to the utmost of their wishes, and the decoration of the chapel was entrusted to the hands of themselves: scarcely, however, had they commenced, when the deputies who had the management of the concern changed their mind, and punished their treachery with the disappointment it deserved. Their work was effaced, and Domenichino solicited to perform the task; and by his vigorous pencil it was at length executed. The remuneration made for this splendid work, which is still one of the chief boasts of Naples, was extremely large; and this circumstance may in part serve to account for the extraordinary pains taken to obtain the commission. He received a hundred ducats for every whole figure, fifty for each half length, and twenty-five more for every head introduced into the painting. Even Domenichino, however, was not permitted by these restless men to continue his labour without great interruption, and his death, which took place before it was entirely finished, has been by some ascribed to poison.'

In the school of Parma, Mr. James refutes the often repeated stories of the neglect of Corregio; he says,—

'In almost all the treatises, wherein the name of this painter occurs, we meet with long and wearisome effusions of indignation vented on the subject of his unworthy lot in the world, with lamentations on his great merit and small gains, his starving family, and the tale of the fracture of his spine, under the weight of copper money, with which his labours in the Duomo of Parma were repaid. Whatever may be the fact, at least the inference drawn from thence is incorrect; and it is but natural, that we should endeavour to remove such a stain on human nature. He received, for painting the cupola of the cathedral, the sum of three hundred and fifty golden ducats, and for that of San Giovanni four hundred and seventy-two: a price, says Mengs, which appears trifling when put in comparison with the gains of cotemporary artists at Rome or Florence, but that should be viewed here in another light; always bearing in mind the difference in the scale of expense in those places and in that of his residence. No adequate return can ever be made for works of genius like these; and the sums with which they are eventually recompensed, must always be regarded with a view to circumstances. There are other works in fresco of this master to be seen in the monastery of St. Paul at Parma, as well as some remains in the Palazzo del Giardino; and his easel pictures, though not of frequent occurrence, are yet generally well known.

'It is curious enough, that Corregio was in the habit of practising the same device, in order to assist him in drawing his figures, as Michael Angelo is said to have done—moulding them beforehand constantly and regularly in wax, or some such material. Several remains of the little models, which he had used in painting the cupola of the cathedral at Parma, were discovered by the workmen employed in making some necessary repair, a few years ago. We know that he had been, in his youth, for some time a student under the sculptor, Bianchi.'

In the school of Milan, no great progress was made previous to the time of Leonardo da Vinci, who opened an academy there under the patronage of the government, in the year 1494. Da Vinci was at once a poet, painter, engineer and architect, and in each of these lines attained a considerable degree of proficiency. His treatise on painting presents a highly interesting series of remarks on the art. Twelve manuscript volumes of his observations preserved in the Ambrosian library at Milan, were seized by the French, but only three of them reached Paris; and when the works of art were restored to Italy at the peace, only one of these volumes, and that the least interesting, found its way back to Milan:—

‘One of the qualities of Da Vinci, that should be noticed, was the rare property of being able to ascertain the just medium between a too hasty work and a too laboured one: and we observe that, though very minute in his attentions to the finishing of his picture, he yet painted in a great style free and unrestrained: the same master, who is said to have consumed four years in the portrait of the beautiful Lisa, or *la Gioconda*, was able to give one of the earliest and best lessons to the age in the great style, by his memorable painting of the last supper. This power of attending at the same moment to the minutiae of detail, and to the grand and leading principles of the art or science in which a person may be employed, shows a species of universality of power, that may be reckoned among the highest perfections of the human mind, and places Da Vinci not merely in the rank of the first of painters, but of the greatest of men.

‘The first mentioned picture was purchased by Francis I. at the enormous price of 4000 crowns, being a sum equivalent to 45,000 francs in money of this day; and it is still to be seen in the gallery of the Louvre; the latter, or the *Cenacolo*, as it is commonly called, is the chief work of this master now in existence: it was painted in the refectory of S. M. delle Grazie, at Milan, and its possession is considered as one of the proudest boasts of that city.’

From the account of the school of sculpture, of which Mr. James treats briefly but ably, we shall select an anecdote of Michael Angelo:—

‘He was called upon by the Gonfaloniere Soderini, at Florence, to undertake to form a statue out of a mis-shapen block, on which Simon da Fiesole had, many years before, been unsuccessfully employed in endeavouring to represent the proportions of a giant in marble. M. Angelo fearlessly accepted this commission, and, in spite of the necessary difficulties of the task, succeeded in producing the beautiful figure, known under the name of the David, and which now stands in front of the Palazzo Vecchio.

‘A story is told relating to this figure, which is sufficiently illustrative of the character of this great artist. It being finished the Gonfaloniere, who professed himself a connoisseur, came to inspect his purchase, and, amongst other critiques which he made, objected to the nose, pronouncing it to be out of all due proportion to the rest of the figure, and added, that he wished some retrenchment should take place in its size. M. Angelo knew well with whom he had to deal: he mounted the scaffold (for the figure is upwards of twelve feet in height), and giving a few sonorous but harmless blows with his hammer on the stone, let fall a handful of marble dust, which he had scraped up from the floor below, and then descending from his station, turned to the Gonfaloniere with a look expectant of his approbation. ‘Ay,’ exclaimed the critic, ‘this is excellent: now you have given it life indeed.’—M. Angelo was content, and receiving his four hundred scudi for his task, wisely said no more: it would have been no gratification to a man like him, to have shown the incapacity of a critic like Soderini.’

Lest our extracts should not give a sufficient proof of the merits of this work, we can assure the reader that it is of great interest; and that although the subject is one of peculiar difficulty, yet it is treated with an acuteness and discrimination and with a knowledge of the art, which none but an ardent admirer of it could display.

The Percy Anecdotes, Part VII. Anecdotes of Science.
By Sholto and Reuben Percy, Brothers of the Benedictine Monastery, Mont Benger. 18mo. pp. 180.
London, May, 1820.

We have had so many opportunities of expressing our favourable opinion of this elegant little work, that, although we should continue to notice its succeeding numbers, it may not be necessary to do more than give extracts.

The ‘Anecdotes of Science’ are, however, entitled to a more particular notice, not only from their novelty, as they are very distinct from the ordinary subject of anecdotes, but from the brief but comprehensive view they give of every department of science. It has often been lamented that Beckmann, who published four volumes of the history of inventions, did not confine himself more to his subject, but introduced in it an account of canary birds, and other things which could not come properly under the class of inventions. Mr. Williams, in a subsequent work on the same subject (already noticed in a former number of the *Literary Chronicle*), has fallen into the same error. This, however, is not the case with the volume before us, every anecdote is to the purpose; and, although it would be too much to say that it comprises a complete history of science, since its limits preclude it, yet, from a pretty close examination of its contents, we may venture to say, that from the time of the ancient philosophers, when Anaxagoras thought the sun a red hot iron, down to the discoveries of Herschell and the safety lamp of Sir Humphrey Davy, there is not any important scientific discovery omitted. The progress of improvement is traced, and, by some attention to the order of time, these anecdotes present a chronological history of science, calculated to give the reader a more general and complete knowledge of the subject than he otherwise would acquire from the bulky and numerous volumes through which it has hitherto been scattered. But to our extracts, and first of,—

‘*Burning Mirrors.*—Many have questioned the fact recorded by several historians, concerning the surprising effects of the burning mirrors of Archimedes, by means of which the Roman ships besieging Syracuse were burnt to ashes. Descartes particularly discredited the story, as fabulous; but Kircher made many experiments, with a view of establishing its credibility. He tried the effect of a number of plane mirrors; and with five mirrors of the same size, placed in a frame, he contrived to throw the rays reflected from them to the same spot, at the distance of more than a hundred feet; and by this means he produced such a degree of heat, as lead him to conclude, that by increasing their number, he could have set fire to inflammable substances at a greater distance. He likewise made a voyage to Syracuse, in company with his pupil, Schottus, in order to examine the place of the supposed transaction; and they were both of opinion, that the galleys of Marcellus could not have been more than thirty paces from Archimedes.

‘Proclus is also said to have destroyed the navy of Vitellian besieging Byzantium, by means of burning glasses.

‘Among the moderns, the most remarkable burning mirrors have been those of Magine; of Septala of Milan, which was nearly three feet and a half in diameter, and which burnt at the distance of fifteen or sixteen paces; of Vilette, and Tschirnhausen; the new complex one of M. Buffon; that of Trudaine, and that of Parker.

‘La Brocqueire, a traveller of the fifteenth century, says, that at Damascus they make mirrors of steel that magnify objects like burning glasses; and one of them, when exposed to the sun, reflected the heat so strong, as to set fire to a plank fifteen or sixteen feet distant.

‘M. Buffon constructed a machine, consisting of a number of mirrors, by which he seems to have revealed the secret of Archimedes, and to have vindicated the credit of history in this point. The experiment was first tried with twenty-four mirrors, which readily set on fire a combustible matter prepared of pitch and tow, and laid on a deal board, at the distance of sixty-six French feet. He then further pursued the attempt, and put together a kind of polyhedron, consisting of one hundred and sixty-eight pieces of plane looking-glass,

each six inches square; and by means of this some boards of beech wood were set on fire at the distance of a hundred and fifty feet, and silver plate was melted at the distance of sixty feet. This machine, in the next stage of its improvement, contained three hundred and sixty plane mirrors, each eight inches long and six broad, mounted on a frame eight feet high and seven feet broad. With twelve of these mirrors, light combustible matters were kindled at the distance of twenty feet; with forty-five of them at the same distance, a large tin vessel was melted; and with a hundred and seventeen, a thin piece of silver. When the whole machine was employed, all the metals and metallic minerals were melted at the distance of twenty-five, and even of forty feet. Wood was kindled in a clear sky at the distance of two hundred and ten feet. M. Buffon afterwards constructed a machine, which contained four hundred mirrors, each six inches square, with which he could melt lead and tin, at a distance of one hundred and forty feet.

But the most powerful burning mirror ever constructed was that of Mr. Parker, an eminent glass manufacturer in Fleet Street: it was made a few years ago by Mr. Penn, an ingenious artizan who lived at Islington. He erected an out-building at the bottom of his garden for the purpose of carrying on his operations; and at length succeeded in producing the most powerful burning lens that had ever been known. Its diameter was three feet; and the completing it, with its necessary apparatus, is said to have cost his employer, Mr. Parker, upwards of 700*l*. Its powers were astonishing; the most hard and solid substances of the mineral world, as platina, iron, steel, flint stone, &c. were melted in a few seconds, on being exposed to its immense focus. A diamond, weighing ten grains, exposed to this lens for thirty minutes, was reduced to six grains, during which operation it opened and foliated like the leaves of a flower, and emitted whitish fumes; when closed again, it bore a polish, and retained its form. Ten cut garnets taken from a bracelet, began to run into each other in a few seconds, and at last formed one globular garnet. The clay used by Mr. Wedgwood to make his pyrometric test, run in a few seconds into a white enamel; and several specimens of lavas, and other volcanic productions, on being exposed to the focus of this lens, yielded to its power.

A subscription was proposed in London, for raising the sum of seven hundred guineas, towards indemnifying the inventor for the expense he had incurred in its construction, and retaining this curious and useful machine in England; but from the failure of the subscription, and some other concurring circumstances, Mr. Parker was induced to dispose of it to Captain Mackintosh, who accompanied Lord Macartney in the embassy to that country; and it was left, much to the regret of the philosophers in Europe, at Pekin, where it remains in the hands of persons who most probably know neither its value nor use.

The two next anecdotes are of an amusing nature and form an agreeable relief to the more abstruse parts of the volume:—

Drinking up the sea.—Amasis, King of Egypt, was reputed one of the most learned men in the country; and from his love of science, had shown particular marks of favour to Thales, of Miletus, who visited Egypt during his reign. Between this prince and the contemporary King of Ethiopia, there subsisted an emulation of a very extraordinary kind, which was maintained by alternately proposing to each other questions of difficult solution, and on which they would sometimes stake whole districts of their dominions.

In one of these disputes, the King of Egypt, finding himself unable to maintain the contest by the assistance of his own subjects, had recourse to Bias, the philosopher of Priene, to whom he sent the following letter by Niloxenus:

“Amasis, King of Egypt, saith thus to Bias, the wisest of the Greeks. The King of Ethiopia contendeth with me for pre-eminence in wisdom. Mastered in other things, he has at length made a very strange demand, which is no less than that I shall drink up the sea. This proposition, if I resolve,

I shall obtain many of his towns and cities; but if otherwise, I must lose all those about Elephantina. Consider of it, and send Niloxenus back with all speed. Whatever I can do for your friends and country, shall not be wanting.”

When Bias received this letter, he was at Corinth, in company with the rest of the wise men, who had been invited thither by Periander. He had no sooner perused it, than he whispered to Cleobulus, who happened to sit next to him, and then addressing himself to Niloxenus, “What!” said he, Amasis, who commands so many men, and possesses so excellent a country, will he, for a few obscure villages, drink up the sea?” “But, if he was desirous of doing so,” answered Niloxenus, smiling, “consider and tell me, Bias, how might he be able to accomplish it?” “Bid the Ethiopian,” replied Bias, “withhold the rivers from running into the sea until Amasis shall have drank that which is now sea. For the requisition concerns that only which is such at present, not what shall be hereafter.” On receiving this answer, Niloxenus embraced him with joy; and the rest of the wise men applauded the solution.

Drawing the wrong tooth.—One of the most curious applications of galvanism to the useful purposes of life, is its recent employment as a means of distinguishing bad teeth from good. The test which galvanism has now supplied to remedy the frequent mistakes made by dentists, who, instead of ridding you of a bad tooth, will draw the best you have in your head, is considered to be one of infallible certainty in its application. The method is thus described by Professor Aldini, the nephew of Galvani. “He (the dentist) first insulates the patient, and then places in his hands an electric chain; he then applies a small piece of wire, and draws it gradually over the surface of the tooth; he then applies it to the next tooth in the same manner, and proceeds in the like method with the rest, until he comes to the diseased tooth which is discovered by violent pain being produced, and an involuntary emotion in the body. It has always been remarked when the tooth is extracted, that it exhibited a careous part, which in its proper situation was not visible.” Need we add, that after the discovery of so simple a test—drawing a wrong tooth ought to be made felony at least.

The following anecdote on the singular effects of nitrous gas when inhaled, does not exhibit such remarkable effects as Dr. Thornton professes; since he pledges himself, by means of such an inhalation, to make a man sing like Braham, dance like Vestris, leap like Ireland, or fight like Cribb. It is, however, curious to know the effects it actually produced on such men as Tobin, Southey, and Wedgwood:—

Nitrous Gas Inhalation.—When Mr. (now Sir Humphry) Davy was superintendant of the “Medical Pneumatic Institution,” he made several experiments on *dephlogisticated nitrous gas*, so named by its discoverer Dr. Priestley, which proved that its composition, properties, and mode of action, had been mistaken by the latest experimenters. This gas had not before been applied to medicine, but in skilful hands it is a safe and powerful agent. The circumstances attending the inhalation of this gas by Mr. Davy, which are highly curious, are thus related by Dr. Beddoes.

“The first inspiration of the gas produced giddiness, fullness of the head, and in short, feelings resembling those of incipient intoxication, but unaccompanied by pleasurable sensation. At the next experiment I was present; the quantity was larger and the gas more pure. The scene exhibited, was one of the most extraordinary I had ever witnessed; after the first moment of surprise, it was impossible not to recognize the expression of the most extatic pleasure. I find it entirely out of my power to paint the appearances as they exhibited themselves to me. I saw and heard shouting, leaping, running, and other gestures, which may be supposed to be exhibited by a person who gives full loose to feelings excited by a piece of joyful and unexpected news. No exhaustion, or languor,

or uneasy feeling, took place. The experiment Mr. Davy has frequently repeated, and generally with the highest pleasurable sensations.

'A number of distinguished persons afterwards inhaled the same gas, on whom it produced very singular effects.

'Mr. Tobin experienced sometimes sublime emotions, with tranquil gestures; sometimes violent muscular action, with sensations indescribably exquisite.

'Mrs. Beddoes felt pretty uniform pleasurable sensations: a propensity to muscular exertion. She could walk much better up Clifton Hill, and frequently seemed to be ascending like a balloon.

'Mr. Stephen Hammick, surgeon of the royal hospital, with a small dose, felt yawning and languor; but two larger doses produced a glow, unrestrainable tendency to muscular action, high spirits, and more vivid ideas.

'Mr. Robert Southey, the poet laureate, for many hours after the experiment, imagined that his taste and smell were more acute, and was certain that he felt unusually strong and cheerful. In a second experiment he felt pleasure still superior; and he has since poetically remarked, that he supposes the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens, to be composed of this gas.

'Dr. Kingleake felt additional freedom and power of respiration, succeeded by an almost delirious, but highly pleasurable sensation in the head, which became universal, with increased tone of the muscle. At last, an intoxicating placidity, absorbed for five minutes all voluntary power, and left a cheerfulness and alacrity for several hours. A second stronger dose produced a perfect trance for about a minute; then a glow pervaded the system. The permanent effects were an invigorated feeling of vital power and improved spirits.

'Mr. Wedgwood, after breathing some time, threw the bag from him, kept breathing on laboriously with an open mouth, holding his nose with his left hand, (which was practised in all the experiments,) without power to take it away, though aware of the ludicrousness of his situation—all his muscles seemed to be thrown into vibratory motion. He had a violent inclination to make antic gestures; seemed lighter than the atmosphere, and as if about to mount. Before the experiment, he was a good deal fatigued with a long ride, of which he permanently lost all sense.

'Dr. Beddoes states the cases in which the effects of the gas were prejudicial, with great candour. These were of the hysterical kind; but the consideration of the whole of these phenomena led to a happy application of the gas to the cure of the palsy; and several instances of success are stated, well deserving of attention.'

There is a curious article on 'Cutting the Line,' a scientific invention of Mr. Clerk, of Edlin, and one to which we owe so many splendid naval victories. Under the head of 'Steam-boat,' we learn that a patent was taken out for one so early as the year 1736, by one Jonathan Hulls, who purposed using it in a tow boat, to carry ships in or out of harbour against wind or tide; this, we believe, is not generally known. 'Stereotype printing' is another subject on which there is much information with which we were unacquainted. On the whole, if this work has added anything new to science, it has exhibited what is already known in an attractive form well calculated to increase the number of its votaries, which cannot fail of recommending it to all classes of readers.

The part is embellished with a very fine portrait of Sir Joseph Banks, Baronet, President of the Royal Academy, to whom it is dedicated. There is also an eloquent eulogium on this distinguished individual.

A Narrative of a Journey into Persia, and Residence at Teheran, &c. From the French of M. Tancoigne, attached to the embassy of General Gardane. 8vo. pp. 402. London, 1820.

IF M. Tancoigne has in this volume added little to our knowledge of the countries he describes, he has given the few facts which came to his knowledge in a plain and modest narrative, and which bears, (what is no mean recommendation,) the strongest marks of truth.

The embassy of General Gardane was undertaken in 1807, when he quitted Constantinople, and travelled to Teheran, by the general route of Nicomedia, Angora, Josgalt, Erzerum, and Baiazid, in Turkey; Khoi, Tauris, and Sultanie, in Persia. The remarks of M. Tancoigne on these places is only that which a very hasty view furnishes; we shall, therefore, pass on to Teheran, where the embassy arrived in sufficient time to witness the celebration of the new year, when presents are made to the King. This was formerly a custom at the British court, and Queen Elizabeth is said to have been very covetous of valuable offerings.

At Teheran, the first that presented himself was the Governor of Khorassan; he bowed profoundly before the King, his father, and presented fifty superb horses of his province, an equal number of mules and camels, Cachemere shawls, and several bags of torquoises. The governor of Kerman Chali, sent by his vizir Cachemere shawls, lances, muskets, pistols, and several camels and mules, laden with carpets and fine felts. The governor of the province of Farsistan sent, among other presents, a quantity of sugar and syrups, camels and mules laden with coffee and tambaks, or smoking tobacco; but the most magnificent present was from the Emin ud Dewlet, Hadji Muhammed, Hussein Khan, Beylerbey of Ispahan. Besides superb Turkoman horses and rich stuffs, it included a quantity of that precious metal, to which the King of Persia, like the rest of mankind, is said to be very partial. Fifty mules, caparisoned with Cachemere shawls, carried each one thousand tomans in money, a sum equal to about 45,000l.

The presentation of these tributes, which are renewed every year, was followed by games of various sorts, such as men running on stilts twenty feet high, feats of strength and balancing, wrestling, dancing, and the most splendid fire-works, &c. But the most remarkable exercise was rope-dancing by two children:—

'The rope was of hair, and consequently less flexible than a hempen one; being strained on two trestles of more than forty feet in height, it ascended almost imperceptibly as high as the top of the King's kiosk. After having made several gambols with the assistance of their poles on the part of the rope which was horizontal, one of the two dancers, ten years old at most, mounted completely as high as the terrace which crowns the pavilion, and then descended backwards from a height of more than eighty feet. We remarked with pleasure, that several men placed beneath the cord, followed all the movements of the child, ready to receive him in a large blanket, if his foot had happened to have slipped. We did not suppose the Persians were capable of such an attention, especially in the King's presence. These dancers are called in Persian, djanbaz, meaning, him who plays or risks his soul. This expression, contemptuous in itself, intimates that games of this kind are discouraged by religion; and is nearly synonymous with that of excommunication, with which our actors were once complimented. The term of Ser-

baz, which signifies a man who stakes his head, might have been applied to them with still greater propriety; but amongst the Persians it has a more noble acceptation, and is applied peculiarly to soldiers.

We shall give one extract more in conclusion; it is an instructive tale from the author's translation of Saadi. A horde of Arabian robbers having desolated a district, beaten the armies of the prince, and intrenched themselves on the summit of a mountain, the ministers of the kingdom assembled to consult on the means of stopping these ravages:—

‘It was determined that emissaries should be sent to watch the moment when the rebels would leave their cavern, to ravage the country: several able generals were at the same time placed in the passes of the mountain. One night, when the robbers returned from an expedition after burning a village, they laid by their arms as usual, and deposited their booty. Their first enemy was sleep. Already had the sun replaced the shades of night, and Jonas re-entered the belly of the whale, when the brave warriors quitted their ambush, and tied the miscreants' hands behind their backs. On the following morning, they were conducted to the presence of the King, who ordered them to be put to death. Amongst those villains was a young man scarcely arrived at maturity, and whose cheeks were yet only covered with a light down. One of the vizirs prostrated himself before the King, and said, ‘this young man is without experience, his youth has been the cause of his being misled; I intreat your Majesty to grant his pardon to your slave.’ The King turned his head at first, and refused to accede to the prayer of this generous intercession. —“Whoever does not follow the example of honest men, is of a bad disposition; the education given to the ill disposed, produces as little effect as a walnut for a cupola; it is necessary to cut down the last scion of the wicked, and extirpate the roots of their family. To extinguish a fire and forget to quench the embers, to kill a serpent and spare its young ones, is not the conduct of a prudent man.—If a cloud could scatter the rain of life, never would the branches of the willow be eaten. Beware of associating with the worthless, for thou canst never extract sugar from a common reed.” The vizir listened to these words with respect and submission, and though he was grieved to the soul, he could not avoid approving of their wisdom. He, however, added, “that which has been said by the master of the earth's surface, (whose reign be eternal,) would be the exact truth, if this young man had been born amongst the wicked, and that he had been totally corrupted; but your slave hopes that he will be improved in the company of worthy people, and that his manners will be softened, because he is still but a child; vice and ferocity are not rooted in him. It is seen in the Koran that all men come into the world with a disposition to Islamism, and that they subsequently do not become Jews, Christians, or Guebres, but through the fault of their parents.”

‘The courtiers supported the intreaties of the vizir so warmly, that the King, at length, pardoned the criminal, saying, “I remit his punishment, though I do not perceive any great advantage from it. Knowest thou that which Sal said to Rustem the Curde? ‘Never suppose thine enemy feeble and without resources; I have often seen the water of a fountain scanty at its source, but at a distance it hath borne away a camel and its load.’” The youth was led away and placed in the care of a learned tutor employed to educate him, to instruct him in eloquence and in the art of serving kings, and to render him, at some future period, worthy of his equal. One day, the vizir had occasion to speak of his favourite to the King; he praised his good qualities and sense; asserted that his education had made him quite a different man, that his manners were entirely changed, and that he no longer retained any vestige of his former vices. The King smiled and said, “The son of the wolf will end by becoming a wolf, even though he should be some day powerful amongst men.” A

year or two passed. The young man ran away to join a gang of robbers, and so identified himself with them, that, at length, he murdered the vizir and his two children. In a moment he forgot all he owed to his generous benefactor, rebelled and took the post which his father held amongst the robbers. The King, *taking the finger of astonishment between his teeth*, exclaimed, “How can a good sword be made of bad steel? The wicked can never become good by education. Oh, sages! rain, the advantages of which are denied by none, gives equal nourishment to the tulip in a garden, and the brambles of the marshes!—Hyacinths are not produced in a quagmire. Do not lose the fruits of thy toil. It is as criminal to do good to the wicked, as to injure worthy persons.”

The Glory of Regality: an Historical Treatise on the Anointing and Crowning of the Kings and Queens of England. By Arthur Taylor, &c.

(Concluded from p. 371.)

THE Chronicle of English coronations does not, we find, contain the whole, but omits those that occurred between the reign of Queen Elizabeth and that of George the Third. From this part of the subject we shall make two extracts, and first of the coronation of the first of our Norman Kings:—

‘William I was consecrated at Westminster Abbey on Christmas day, 1066, by Aldred, Archbishop of York; Stigand of Canterbury being suspended from his rank in the church. His coronation, a noble writer observes, was “not without the appearance and form of an election or free acknowledgment of his claim; for the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Constance, who officiated in the ceremony, separately demanded of the nobility, prelates, and people of both nations who were present, whether they consented that he should reign over them; and with joyful acclamations they answered that they did.” So loud, indeed, were these acclamations, that the Norman soldiery, who were outside the church, set fire to the building, supposing that a rebellious tumult was raised against their leader. Many of the people, we are told, fled from the church; but the ceremony was completed, and the usual coronation oath of the English kings was administered.

‘Matilda, the Queen of William I, was crowned on Whitsunday, 1068, by the same Archbishop of York.’

The feast on the coronation of Katherine, the wife of Henry V, exhibit a curious picture of the cookery of that age:—

‘Katherine of France, the Queen of Henry V, was crowned by Archbishop Chicheley, on the 24th of February, 1420-1. The long account which Fabian gives of the festivities which took place on this occasion, is so characteristic of the age, that no excuse will be offered for inserting the following passages from his Chronicle.

‘After the “solempnysacion” in the church, our author informs us that the Queen was “conueyed in to the greates halle of Westmynster, and there set to dynen. Upon whose ryght hande satte, at the ende of the same table, the Archebyshop of Cauntorbury, and Henrye, surnamed the ryche cardynall of Wynchester. And vpon the lefte hande of the Quene satte the Kynge of Scottes in hys estate, the whyche was serued wyth couered messe, like vnto the forenamed byshoppes, but after them.”

“And ye shall vnderstande, that this feaste was al of fyshe. And for the orderynge of the seruyce thereof, were dyuers lordes appoynted for the hede offycers, as stewarde, controller, surueyor, and other honourable offyces. The whiche with other ordered the seruyce of the feest as foloweth, and thus for the fyrst course. Brawne and mustarde, ded elles in burneux, frument with balien, pyke in erbage, lamprey pow-

dered, trout, codling, playes fryed, marlyng fryed, crabbys, leche lumbarde floryshed, tartys. And a sotyltye called a pellycane syttyng on his nest with her byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katheryne holdyng a boke, and disputyng with the doctoures, holdyng a reason in her ryghte hande, saynge: *Madame le royne*, and the pellycan as an answer, *Ce est la signe et du roy, pur tenir ioy, et a tout sa gent, elle mete sa entent.*

"The second course.—Gely coloured wyth columbyne floures, white potage or creme of almandes, breme of the see, counger, solys, cheuen, barbyll with roche, freshe samon, halybut, gurnarde, rochet broyled, smelth fryed, creuys or lobster; leche damaske with the kynges worde or prouerbe flourysshed, *Vnc sanz plus*; lamprey freshe baken; flampeyne flourysshed with a scochon royall, and therein iii crownes of golde planted with fioure delyce and floures of camemyll wrought of confections. And a sotyltye named a panter with an ymage of saynte Katheryne with a whele in her hande, and a rolle wyth a reason in that other hande, sayeng, *Lay royne ma file, in ceste ile, per bon reson, aues renoun.*

"The thyrde course." This was likewise of fish; with "a leech called the whyte leech, flourysshed with hawthorne leuys and redde hawys. A marche payne garnysshed wyth dyuers fygyres of angelles, among the which was set an ymage of saint Katheryne holdyng thys reason, *Il est escrit, pur uoir et eit, per mariage pure cest guere ne dure.* And lastely, a sotyltie named a tigre, lokyng in a myrroure, and a man syttyng on horsse backe clene armed, holdyng in his armes a tigre whelp, with this reason, *Per force sanz reason ie ay pryse ceste beste.* And with his owne hande makynge a countenance of throyng of myrroures at the great tigre. The whych held this reason, *Gile che mirroure, ma fete distour.* And thus with al honour was finished this solempne coronacion."

One of the most curious parts of this work is, the History of the Coronation Oath. It has been generally urged by the opponents of what is called Catholic emancipation, that the King cannot grant it, but in violation of his Coronation Oath; but, without entering into the discussion of what appears to be but a frivolous objection, we may remark that the coronation oath has undergone many alterations to adapt it to the change of circumstances that have taken place at different periods of our history. Mr. Taylor has given copies of the various forms of the coronation oath, in the language of different ages, and has added many acute and ingenious remarks on the subject. Speaking of the coronation oath of Charles I, he says,—

"1. The reader is probably aware that a charge of altering the coronation oath was one of the articles of impeachment against Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury: with a view to our first inquiry, I shall, therefore, cite a few passages from the primate's statement of the accusation and defence. "The third charge," he says, "was about the ceremonies at the coronation of his Majesty:—Then leaving the ceremonies, he charged me with two alterations in the body of the King's oath. One added, namely, these words, 'agreeable to the King's prerogative.' The other omitted; namely, these words, 'quæ populus elegerit,' which the people have chosen, or shall choose. For this latter, the clause omitted, that suddenly vanished: for it was omitted in the oath of King James, as is confessed by themselves in the printed votes of this present parliament. But the other highly insisted on, as taking off the total assurance which the subjects have by the oath of their prince for the performance of his laws. First, I humbly conceive this clause takes off none of the people's assurance, &c. Secondly, that alteration, whatever it be, was not made by me." "At last," he adds, "the book of King James's coronation, and the other urged against me concerning King Charles, were seen and compared openly in the Lords' House, and found to be the same oath in both,

and no interlining or alteration in the book charged against me."

"The archbishop closes his remarks on this memorable charge with the following observation: "Before I quite leave this oath, I may say 'tis not altogether improbable, that this clause—'and agreeing to the prerogative of the kings thereof,' was added to the oath in Edw. VI, or Queen Elizabeth's time; and hath no relation at all to the laws of this kingdom absolutely mentioned before in the beginning of this oath; but only to the words "the profession of the Gospel established in this kingdom;" and then immediately follows, "and agreeing to the prerogative of the kings thereof."—If this be the meaning, he that made the alteration, whoever he were, for I did not, deserves thanks for it, and not the reward of a traitor."

"2. With regard to the first of these alterations, we must, I think, admit the archbishop's conjecture, that the reservation in favour of the King's prerogative, standing as it does in connexion with the rights of the church, may have been made professedly with a view to the supremacy of the crown in ecclesiastical matters. This will appear less improbable on a comparison of the alteration made by Henry VIII, in the corresponding clause of an oath which he himself corrected; namely, his insertion of the words, "not prejudicial to his jurisdiction and dignity royal," after those about the "holy church;" to which alone they can refer. Thus understood, the addition in Charles's oath would not have had the tendency ascribed to it.

"The second of these alterations, the omission of the words *quas vulgat elegerit*, was not, like the former, of doubtful importance; and the controversy respecting it was, in fact, a contest for and against the admission of a most weighty prerogative, namely, a negative power of the crown in the making of laws, though in appearance it became a dispute about the sense and construction of words. When this omission was detected by a comparison of the more ancient copies, the advocates of the royal prerogative endeavoured to prove, that even in these the true meaning of the sentence was very different from that which was generally assigned to it, and that neither the Latin *elegerit*, nor the French *aura elsu*, was capable of a future sense. It was admitted that the King was bound by them to keep laws which the people *shall have made*, but not that he was obliged to sanction any that they *shall hereafter make*; and between these forms of translation they raised a wide and important distinction."

On the accession of William III, the old coronation oath was entirely abrogated:—

"By stat. 1 W. and M. cap. vi, it was declared, that "forasmuch as the oath hath heretofore been framed in doubtful words and expressions, with relation to ancient laws and constitutions at this time unknown, and to the end that one uniform oath may be in all times to come taken by the kings and queens of this realm, and to them respectively administered at the times of their coronation," the oath therein contained should be administered to their majesties, and to all succeeding kings or queens of the realm.

"The intended uniformity of this new oath "in all times to come," was, however, very quickly interrupted; in the following reign it was found necessary to alter and enlarge it. This was done on the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland. By the treaty made on this occasion it was agreed, that in the latter country the religion professed by the people of it should be preserved to them, and confirmed by every King on his accession. Hence it was also thought fit that some further provision should be made for the protection of the English church in England; and for this purpose a new clause was added to the oath prescribed to be taken at the coronation."

"By the statute which contains these alterations, it is also directed, that the oath shall be "taken and subscribed" by the new sovereign: this practice, which is continued to the present time, does not appear either in laws or ceremonials be-

fore the union, though from some expressions in an ancient writing, it has been thought to have long since obtained in this, as it did in some other countries.'

Although Mr. Taylor's work may appear somewhat too abstruse for the general reader, yet it is highly curious, and is a valuable contribution to the antiquarian researches of our country.

Original Communications.

EDWARD: A PATHETIC TALE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

DEAR SIR,—When in the act of dropping one of my scraps into your box a few evenings back, my attention was arrested by a paper, in the form of a letter, on the pavement, immediately beneath it. I ventured to open it, (finding it neither sealed nor directed,) when it proved to be a communication from Alexis Aspen. Judging, from the contents and the situation in which I found it, that it was destined for you, I have much pleasure in being the means of putting it into your possession. It is very probable that the good gentleman's agitation caused him to slip it on the wrong side of the box.

I am, Sir, your obliged servant,
Queen Street, Cheapside.

Y. F.

DEAR MISTER EDITOR,—I am a man of singularly sensitive nature, so much so, that at this moment I tremble, lest the frown of your critical eye, (which my filmy imagination presents to me in the shape of a vial of vitriol, dropping its acidities on the brightest part of my composition,—extracting its colours and consuming its strength,) should at the first glance doom me to everlasting silence. Every dash of your pen must be like a sabre-cut. I am sure, Mr. Editor, from my present feelings, that you must be a very terrible man,—a sort of burning mountain, making all around you tremble; rearing your blazing head among the sailing clouds of the literary regions,—exposing the vapouring pretenders to immortality, and shedding additional brilliancy on the exhalations of genius—scorching and exterminating the flimsy attempts—!!!

Pardon my over-wrought feelings, Mr. Editor, for I assure you, that at this very moment, I cannot help fancying myself a fabricated note under the eye of a Bank inspector, who is preparing, with scowling brow, to brand that tremendous word 'forged,' across my best imitated passages. Oh! my poor nerves,—it is all over with me! I tremble like a quicksand, from the effects of the tremendous blow that instrument of disgrace seemed to hit me in my assumed character.

You perceive I am flurried, Mr. Editor,—want of connexion must follow; I will endeavour to avoid again ruffling the delicate surface of my sensorium, I will proceed: My first intention, Mr. Editor, was to introduce myself to you in a few words, for the purpose of asking permission to give vent occasionally to my feelings in your *Chronicle*, in the hope that, by so doing, I may avert my greatest dread,—melancholy madness. Humanity, Mr. Editor, will, I trust, induce you to be indulgent and merciful to a man writing under such painful circumstances. I shall begin by relating one of my recent adventures, which I call, by way of distinction,

EDWARD'S TEARS.

Sauntering along Thames Street the other day, tremblingly alive to surrounding dangers, in the various shapes of over-loaded sugar waggons,—weighty bales, dangling from rotten crane-ropes,—narrow pavements,—negligent carmen, and fragments of orange-peel, I was suddenly thrown into a state bordering on insensibility, by the amiable scream of one of the delicate sex. As soon as my agitated feelings would allow me, I made towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded, and, from the centre of an assembled crowd, distinctly heard the same delicate voice piteously exclaiming, 'Oh! Edward, Edward, my dear Edward! the cruel waggon has almost killed my dear dear Edward!'—'Poor girl,' I involuntarily ejaculated, but was still unable to catch a glimpse of the fair mourner. 'Some lovely creature,' I continued in a tone half audible, 'perchance on the eve of marriage,—full of glowing wishes and pleasing anticipations,—when thus, in one dreadful moment, all her hopes are crush'd.'—'No, Sir,' quoth a person emerging from the crowd, 'not all her hopes, but all her oranges.' Disconcerted by the sarcastic tone in which this was uttered, and not understanding its application to the distressing scene the speaker had doubtlessly just witnessed, I pressed forward, muttering to myself, 'Insensate soul! he has no more feeling than an eye of glass, which can gaze with indifference even upon murder*!'

On reaching the centre of the crowd, behold! a young creature of the interesting age of twelve, patting the cheek of her—what shall I say? I confess I felt embarrassed, but human foresight is but blindness; she was patting the cheek of her lovely *donkey*! I must, per force, admit, that had her hands been more delicately white, and her apparel less in tatters, she would have harmonized better with the creature I had imagined; and had her dear Edward been a handsome young man, instead of a donkey, laden with oranges, the picture would have been still more perfect; but as it was, I was pleased with the dirty young creature's delicate refinement, when throwing her arms round the Neddy's neck, with touching simplicity she exclaimed, 'Oh, Edward, Edward! if you should die, what will—what will;' here she could scarcely articulate, through the poignancy of her grief; at length she sobbed forth, 'if you should die, what will my mother say?' The substitution of the refined name of Edward, for the more common epithet of Neddy, together with the touching question of 'What will my mother say?' conjuring up ideas so new, so various and so pleasingly alarming,—I confess quite overpowered me,—I felt melted with exquisite langour, (to be sure, it was very warm in the crowd;) but even Edward himself appeared greatly affected by my delicate commiseration. Many laughed and sneered, and made rude jokes upon our distress; but I am not accustomed to check the susceptibility of my feelings, because the vulgar chuse to ridicule what they are incapable of properly appreciating,—so, drawing closer to Edward,—smoothing his ruffled mane,—patting him soothingly on the neck, and gazing on his expressive countenance, where the channels of recent grief were still visible,—watching the tears as they gathered together in the corners of his eyes, preparing for another race of sorrow,—

* Do not, on any account, Mr. Editor, run your pen through my eye, you cannot conceive what pain it would give me, though it is but a glass one; indeed, to confess the truth, it strikes me that it looks very well where it is.—A. A.

'Behold!' said I, 'ye scoffers, behold the tears of this uninstructed animal, stupid and obstinate as he is too often termed; witness his irrepressible grief at your inhumanity,—your brutal ridicule of the misfortunes of others.'—'Hold your nonsense, you great fool,' exclaimed an ugly old woman bustling through the crowd. Though somewhat dismayed, I continued, 'witness his sparkling tears.'—'All nonsense,' rejoined the old woman, 'the ass has got a cold in its eyes.' By this time she had overcome all obstacles, and caught master Edward's bridle, who immediately recognized his mistress with a most nerve-shattering bray. The shock was too much for me, I became giddy and stupified, and fell faint and exhausted into—I blush to name the foul spot, but I must,—into the kennel at the bottom of Pudding Lane. How long I remained there I know not, but three days afterwards I came to myself, at my own lodgings, with many appalling symptoms of ague.

I am, Sir, with much trepidation,

ALEXIS ASPEN.

P. S. I never seal my letters, as I have an insurmountable dread of sea'ing-wax in a state of fusion.

HENRY THE EIGHTH AND HIS WIVES.

AT a time when the unfortunate proceeding between the British sovereign and his consort, occupies so large a portion of the public attention, it cannot be deemed uninteresting to turn to the only period of our history that affords any thing like a parallel instance; for, we are happy to say, that such events are of very rare occurrence, and that nearly three centuries have elapsed since any misunderstanding of a public nature, much less any proceedings upon it, have taken place between the Kings and Queens of England. Our readers will easily perceive, that it is to the reign of that odious monster, Henry the Eighth, that we must revert. It is well known that he married no less than six women, and it may well be to notice their respective fates.

The first, Catharine of Arragon, was the widow of his brother Arthur; after living with her many years, the King pretended to feel some scruples of conscience as to the legality of the marriage; and, after several embassies to the Pope, he succeeded in obtaining a divorce, allowing her to be stiled Princess Dowager of Wales; but she refused to be served by any who did not treat her as Queen, and the King did not think fit to remove such as would shew her that respect.

Henry's second wife was the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, whom he sent to the scaffold, but of whose guilt historians have always doubted. Rapin says, 'the King was possessed at the same time with two violent passions,—a violent love for Jane Seymour, maid of honour to the Queen, and an extreme jealousy of his wife. Very likely the latter was a consequence of the former. When Anne Boleyn's enemies found she no longer held in the King's heart the place she had formerly enjoyed, instead of fearing to accuse her of unfaithfulness to the King her spouse, they believed they should please that spouse, who began to be himself unfaithful. [However this be, the occasion was this: the Queen had a great friendship for her brother, Lord Rochford, but could not endure his wife, who lived very ill with her husband, and had an infamous character, as will hereafter appear. It was this lady that whispered in the King's ear the first report that the Queen

was unfaithful, and had a criminal intercourse with her brother, the Lord Rochford. These seeds fell upon a soil already prepared to receive them. The King, now prejudiced by his passion for Jane Seymour, was overjoyed to find, in the pretended unfaithfulness of the Queen, a means to procure the possession of the person he loved. As soon as Queen Anne's enemies saw how the King stood affected towards her, they took care to view her quite in his favour, by accusing her of sundry intrigues with her own domestics. These enemies were the same with those of the reformation.'

The Duke of Norfolk, knowing the affection of the Queen for the reformed religion, and anxious to restore the supremacy of Popery, is believed to have contributed most to her ruin. She was accused of criminal connection, not only with Lord Rochford, her brother, but also with Henry Norris, groom of the stole, Francis Weston, and William Brereton, of the King's Privy Chamber, and one Mark Smeton, a musician. All these persons were examined and urged to confession, but they all declared the Queen was innocent, except Smeton, who was base enough to yield to their wishes in this respect, but was never confronted with the Queen; nay, he was condemned before she was brought to her trial, that he might not be a witness. This certainly is much in favour of the Queen's innocence, since it is not likely such an evidence would have been voluntarily neglected, had it been deemed so good as it appeared to be. Norris had been much in the King's favour, who sent for him and offered him his life, if he would confess his guilt, but he rejected the offer, declaring that, in his conscience, he thought the Queen innocent, and that he would die a thousand times rather than injure an innocent person. Norris, Weston, and Brereton were beheaded, and Smeton was hung. Three days after, the Queen and Lord Rochford were tried and condemned, without its even being known upon what evidence the sentence was grounded. They both were executed.

Jane Seymour, the third wife of Henry, was married to him the day after the execution of Anne Boleyn. She had the good fortune to die a natural death, after giving birth to a prince, afterwards Edward VI.

Henry's next wife was Anne of Cleves, but she proving very unlike the flattering portrait he had seen of her, he was disgusted, and soon procured a divorce.

The King married for his fifth wife, Catherine Howard, niece of the Duke of Norfolk. Henry was said to be much attached to her, until he was informed of her incontinence. Two men who had shared in her guilt, Dirham and Mannock, were tried and executed; but the Queen's impeachment was brought before Parliament, upon which both houses declared her guilty, and petitioned the King that she might be punished with death, together with Lady Rochford, (the same who had accused Anne Boleyn,) accomplice of her lewd practices, the Duchess Dowager of Norfolk, the Lord William Howard and his lady, the Countess of Bridgewater, five other women and four men, for misprison of treason, in concealing what they knew of the Queen's vicious life. The Queen and Lady Rochford were beheaded on Tower Hill.

The sixth and last wife of Henry, was Catharine Parr, the widow of Lord Latimer; who had the good fortune to retain the affections of the capricious monarch, notwithstanding an attempt was made to injure both her and Archbishop Cranmer, in his estimation. She survived

the King, and afterwards married Admiral Thomas Seymour, and died in the year 1548.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN, QUEEN OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

(From an unpublished MS.)

[In the Harleian Collection of MSS. at the British Museum, there is a folio volume, No. 2194, which gives the names of the 'Lord High Stewards of England from the time of William the Conqueror to that of Charles the First, with the trials of the several criminals who were tried before them.' From this volume we transcribe the following account of the summary trial of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry the Eighth. Ed.]

'THOMAS Duke of Norfolk, Lord High Steward of England, att the tryall of Queene Anne Bulloigne, who, on the 15th day of May, in the 28th yeare of the raigne of Kinge Henry the Eight, was arraigned in the Tower of London, on a scaffold for that purpose made in the King's Hall, the Duke of Norfolk sitting under the cloath of state, the Lord Chancellor on his right hand, and the Duke of Suffolke on his lefte; the Earl of Surry, sonne of the Duke of Norfolk, sittinge directly before his father, a degree lower as Earl Marshall of England, to whome were adjoynd twenty-six other peeres, and among them the Queene's father, by whom she was to be tried. The King's commission beinge read, the accusers gave in their evidence, and the witnesses were produced. The Queene sittinge in her chaire, made for her, (whether in regard of any infirmity, or out of honour permitted to the wife of the Sovereigne,) havinge an excellent quick witt, and beinge a ready speaker, did so answere to all objections, that had the peeres given in their verdict accordinge to the expectation, shee had beene acquitted. But they (among whome the Duke of Suffolke, the King's brother-in-lawe was chiefe, and wholly applyinge himselfe to the King's humour,) pronounced her guilty. Whereupon, the Duke of Norfolk, bound to proceed accordinge to the verdict of the peeres, condemned her to death, either by beinge burned in the Tower Greene, or beheaded, as his Majesty in his pleasure should thinke fitt.

'The sentence beinge denounced, the court arose, and she was conveyed backe againe to her chamber; the Lady Bolen, her aunt, and the Lady Kinsman, wife to the constable of the Tower, only attending her.

'And on the 19th of May, the Queene was brought to the place of execution, in the greene within the Tower, some of the nobility and companie of the citie beinge admitted, rather to bee witnesses than spectators of her death, to whom the Queene, (havinge ascended the scaffold,) spake in this manner:—

"Friends and good Christian people; I am here in your presence to suffer death, whereto I acknowledge myselfe adjudged by the lawe, how justly I will not say; I intend not an accusation of any one. I beseech the Almighty to preserve his Matie. long to reigne over you, a more gentle or mild prince never swayed septer; his bounty and clemency towards me I am sure hath beene speciall; if any one intend an inquisitive survey of my actions, I intreat him to judge favourably of mee, and not rashly to admit any censorious conceit. And soe I bid the world farewell, beseeching you to commend me in your prayers to God."

'This speech she uttered with a smyling countenance,

then kneelinge downe with a fervent spirit, said "to Jesus Christ I commende my soule, Lord Jesu receive my soule," and repeating these words very often, suddenly the stroake of the sword sealed the debt that shee owed unto death.

'Nowe the court of England was like a stage, whereon are represented the vicissitudes of ever various fortune; for within one and the same month yt saw Queene Anne flourishinge, accused, condemned, executed, and another assumed into her place, both of bedd and honor. The first of May, (yt seemeth,) she was informed against, the second imprisoned, the fifteenth condemned, the seventeenth deprived of her brother and friends, who suffered in her cause, and the nyneteenth executed. On the twentieth the King married Jane Seimour, who on the nyne and twentieth was publiquely showed Queene.'

DISPLAY, OR THE YOUNG CITIZEN; A SKETCH.

'It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflection of his closet, is a gratification worthy of a heroic spirit; for the applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.'

MR. MORTON has prescribed an admirable 'cure for the heart ache;' and, as far as the innocent amusements of a city or country life extend, almost every individual, of whatever degree or capacity, may obtain the means of deriving much enjoyment. The little boy, who has just appeared in his holiday suit, is pleased in the idea of large pockets to collect the gifts of his applauding relatives and visitors, and strides his rocking-horse with superlative imitation. His sister, on the contrary, calls Georgy a vulgar boy, and amuses herself in selecting her choice specimens of patchwork and ribbands to deck her doll, who, by the by, can open and shut its blue eyes, as mechanically as an actor well accustomed to the histrionic art, without exhibiting any of the deep and powerful workings of the nature of the human heart. Young Gallyvaunt having lived just long enough to find he is his father's superior, in violation of filial duty and natural authority, affects an aversion for every thing that is not novel, expensive, and singular. He calls the city a poor dull prison, and though he may not intend to mount his horse, stiffens his cravat, clasps his whip to play a sonata on his boots, and wears his spurs on his heels for the double purpose of entangling them with the flounces of a fashionably dressed *belle*, and bringing them in occasional contact with the full stretched stockings of a gouty old gentleman. He does not slip the white kid glove from his hand without convincing the spectator his hand is whiter than his glove, nor twist his fingers for the introduction of a pinch of snuff, without displaying his beautifully chased ring and painted snuff box lid; and even the hour of the day cannot be ascertained without observing his engine-turned repeater, and hearing its wonderful music; then the fanciful chain, the precious stones in golden robes, and last of all, the family pride described in true heraldic taste and *naiveté*. Of Pindar's opinion, that

'Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
But every grin of laughter draws one out.'

He thinks it an admirable piece of politeness to give correct specimens of the turkey, in the serious scenes of a dramatic representation, or while witnessing her ladyship's

confusion in a crowd of carriages, combatting for an early appearance at court. He enters the reading room, like many others, not to know what is worth reading, and to add a little knowledge from the labours and experience of men of letters,—no, but to quiz the cognoscenti, and throw the incense over its learned atmosphere from his strongly perfumed cambric handkerchief, which also implies, what is most in use for the indulgence of one of the five senses. He does not enter the coffee room to meet an old friend, and have a rational gossip over his viands, but to throw the paper aside, contradict an unknown speaker, who is in debate with others, and declare upon the honour of a gentleman, and the veracity of a scholar,—‘that Pope never understood Greek, nor translated Homer with tolerable justice.’ He considers it a high privilege to meet a celebrated pugilist at an appointed place, to floor him for a guinea a fall, or to upset a waterman in the river to gain the fame of a Leander. He has rejected all his father’s arrangements for his domestic comforts and matrimonial alliance. He has wandered in his own capricious fancy, like a fly in summer over the fields of feminine beauty and loveliness, yet he declares there is so much versatility and instability about the fair sex, they are unworthy his professions of regard. If there be any notice worthy of registering of this uncommon, common, young citizen, I must own he is good-natured,—but I cannot think it sufficient balance on the creditor side, using a mercantile expression, to warrant his eccentricity. Where does the mischief rest? Who is the most to blame? The inflexible moralist will say, ‘his parents.’ The pious stepdame, ‘that the dear boy takes after his uncle Tomkins!’ The rigid old maid, that, ‘she has no patience for such libertines, and they ought not to go unpunished more than the fascinating deceiver, Don Giovanni.’ The reader’s opinion may be different from either. The writer advises parents to be kind to their sons, and reward their diligence as it merits reward, but to remember the responsibility of yielding the rein of paternal authority, seeing how many have had experimental reason to bewail the offspring who had driven them to poverty, misery, and death. OLD QUIDNUNC.

FASHIONABLE PRECEPTS.

(For the Ladies.)

Nothing in the eye of fashion is more amiable than to deviate from nature.

To speak naturally, to act naturally, are vulgar and common-place in the last degree.

To hear a story and not to express an emotion you do not feel, is rude and unmannerly.

Not to shed tears on a slight disappointment is exceedingly hard-hearted; not to force a blush on the smallest commendation is prodigiously immodest.

To move and think as you feel inclined, are offences that no polite person can ever in honour or delicacy forgive.

To be an artificial woman in perfection, go to a boarding school; if in London so much the better. Should the young lady show any unwillingness to proceed to business, then order without delay the collar, the stays, and the pediform apparatus. The discipline you must now undergo is very severe, and unless you have a good heart you will half repent your obsequiousness. But in the

midst of all sufferings keep in remembrance the prize that is before you, recollect that you are throwing off vulgarity and making fast strides to the goal of fashion.

In walking keep your feet extended out nearly to a right angle with your body, and seldom let more than the points of your toes touch the ground; keep your shoulders at the same time well extended back, and, in a word, during the whole of your gait suppose yourself to be any thing but what you are.

An exquisite degree of sensibility will be found extremely useful in your progress; therefore listen with extreme attention to every moving story, sympathize most heartily with distress, and if you can manage it, weep as much as possible. A command of tears is not easy to be had, but you have no conception how much frequent practice will make them flow at your pleasure.

On any sudden alarm, either faint or fall into hysterics; perhaps the latter may be preferred, as being the most fashionable, and as testifying the greatest emotion. But, beware that in your attempts you do not bear a resemblance to a person labouring under the falling-sickness, for this is a disorder as vulgar, as hysterical convulsions are sentimental and polite.

On every occasion, let your discourse turn on plebeian vulgarity, and on the unfashionableness of ordinary life.

Nothing is more common than pretensions to science or classical literature, therefore hold such studies and their professors in profound contempt. As to the learning you ought to pursue, you need be very little solicitous; it is unfashionable to put the mind to severe exertion, or to blunt natural sensibility by an over-studious attention to the more dry and abstruse departments of knowledge.

Study whatever can refine your taste and sharpen your sentiment. Hence, novels are peculiarly adapted for your condition, and with them you should pursue with unremitting care the arts of drawing, singing, instrumental music, pastry, and dancing. Let the Ladies’ Magazine and Theatrical Inquisitor constitute your periodical literature. Visit as much as you can all the assemblies, theatres, concerts, routs, and balls.

Study the art of blushing with peculiar interest, and let the crimson overspread your visage on every occasion where the empire of modesty is threatened with invasion. You should even assume flying colours on far less occasions, and practice will give a facility in assuming this natural pigment of which you have no conception.

Take your meals invariably later than your vulgar neighbours. Go to bed at two in the morning, and rise at twelve next day.

You will thus become a fashionable lady, and in the midst of congratulation, will entirely forget the sacrifices of truth and nature by which you have acquired this enviable distinction.

Original Poetry.

COURTESY.

[Chaucer, vol. 7. p. 50.]

The next who danced was Courtesy,
And she was praised by low and high;
For, neither vain nor scornful, she
Call’d me to dance and happy be.

I pray God give this lady grace,
 For when I enter'd first this place,
 She was not bashful, nice, or proud,
 Or question'd and gave answers loud;
 But fair of speech,—of sweet reply,
 Wise, virtuous, and of soft deny;
 Clear, brown, and bright, and fair of face,
 With body of a seraph's race.
 All who were present lov'd her so
 They smiled to watch her come and go,
 As thro' love's mazes up and down
 She shew'd herself without a frown:
 I knew no creature half so pleasing,—
 Calm for delight, or kind for teasing;
 So worthy, on a throne serene,—
 An empress, or a crowned queen.

May, 1820.

J. R. P.

ONE EYE BETTER THAN TWO,

'WHY dost thou laugh?'—I laugh to think
 That, tho', like thee, I cannot wink
 With eyes of jet, 'tis true;
 Still the advantage lies with me,
 Thou in my face but *one* canst see;
 I, in thy face, see *two*.

PUCERON.

JULIA.

WHEN the sun has gone down in the western wave,
 And the moon's beam appears,
 I pensively wander to Julia's cold grave,
 And steep the green spot with my tears.
 Her face as the smile of Aurora was fair,
 Her eyes bright as gems of the sea,
 The zephyrs of morning flew free through her hair,
 Which in ringlets waved gracefully free.
 But now in the grave cold and silent she's laid,
 From the cares of this world at ease;
 No more floats the sound of her harp through the glade,
 Nor soft voice on the wings of the breeze.
 She's gone—she's departed—her spirit hath fled
 To regions far distant, where comfort is given;
 She's gone—she is mingled in dust with the dead,
 And her soul's winged its flight to the regions of heaven.

TYRO.

ON DESPAIR.

BY J. D. NEWMAN.

HARK! is't the cry of man, which sounding loud,
 Disturbs the solemn stillness of the night,
 When nature, wrapped in her imperious shroud,
 Veils deeds of villainy from human sight.
 Again; from yonder deep embosomed glen
 It comes, and might the ear of mercy taunt;
 Perchance some lonely wretch, who flies from men,
 Has made this solitary dell his haunt.
 Hark! hark! I hear him loudly weep,
 Rending the very ear of sleep;
 Driving the night-owl from her cell,
 With his fierce superhuman yell;
 Blasting with shrieks soft pity's ear,
 And filling mercy's soul with fear.
 Oh listen, ye sons of humanity, listen
 To sounds as they come from the bosom of woe,
 In thine eyes let the bright tears of sympathy glisten,
 And weep for that sorrow ye never may know.

'Tis the voice of the mourner, who frantically weeping,
 Gives vent to his anguish and grief unconfined;
 And while you on your couches are peacefully sleeping,
 He mingles his sighs with the murmuring wind.
 But who comes here, with bloodshot eye
 And pallid cheek, whose livid hue
 Seems lingering but in vain to die,
 And bid this woe-worn world adieu;
 Whose wild locks float along the breeze,
 Like the wing'd serpents of the air,
 Whose look could e'en the stoic freeze?
 'Tis the dark monster—gaunt despair.
 Whose eyes of fire
 So deadly roll,
 Whose glance of ire
 Can pierce the soul,
 Whose viper'd locks—
 Medusan spell,
 The bosom shocks
 With pangs of hell.
 His was the shriek,
 The frantic cry,
 Which seemed to speak
 Deep agony.
 His was the yell
 That struck the ear,
 And seemed to tell
 Misfortune near,
 And his the groan
 Which sounded deep,
 Whose hollow moan
 Was foe to sleep.

Fly far from his presence, for in it is danger;
 Fly far from his glance, 'tis a murderous spell;
 And the bosom he visits to peace is a stranger,
 The breast he invades feels the tortures of hell.
 Oh, seek thee from hope that protection and pleasure
 He dreads as a talisman safe from his power,
 And seek in religion and virtue that treasure
 That bids brightest happiness shine on each hour.
 For should he once invade the human breast,
 In the sad bosom plant his rankling sting,
 For ever from that tenement will Rest
 Her way to some more peaceful dwelling wing;
 Should he but once possess the human soul,
 Expel the train of wisdom from the mind,
 No more will reason exercise controul,
 Or bid the soul to sorrow be resigned.
 Oh, no, for in his glance is madness,
 Sorrow in his gaze;
 His dark eye too, emitting sadness,
 Hope can e'en erase;
 And on his fierce distorted smile,
 'Tis worse than death to gaze awhile:
 To see his brow with anguish darkling,
 Saddens mercy's soul;
 His vacant look, with phrenzy sparkling,
 Horrifies the whole;
 And while it fills the mind with fear,
 Draws from the pitying heart a tear.

Oh, then, let the soul never harbour a feeling
 That urges thee pleasure and hope to resign,
 But let calm Content, her soft blessing revealing,
 Restrain each rash passion with calmness divine,
 And think the dark winter of sorrow declining
 Will yield to the season of joy and delight,
 And the sun of prosperity tenderly shining
 Illumine thy path with its radiance bright.

Fine Arts.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN OIL AND WATER COLOURS: SPRING GARDENS.

WE have already noticed a few of the pictures in this very pleasing exhibition, and should have returned to the subject earlier, had not the press of temporary matter and the numerous galleries of fine arts, which now offer themselves to the attention of the public, prevented.

No. 52, *Bauldy seeing Mause*: J. Whitehead.

'A cottage in a glen,
An auld wife spinning at the sunny end;
At a small distance by a blasted tree,
With faulded arms and half raised look, ye see
Bauldy his lane.'—*Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd*.

In this picture, which possesses much character, the painter has very happily embodied the poet's description, and transferred it to the canvas. The same observation will apply to No. 53, *Evening*, G. Barnett,—in which the painter has seized on the scene so beautifully described by the poet of Nature—Thomson. No. 62, *Dogs*, J. Christmas,—this painting, though somewhat inferior to No. 48, *the Careful Mother*, by the same artist, gives much promise of excellence in this line. No. 77, *A View on the Paddington Canal*, Miss H. Gouldsmith; No. 79, *A Landscape*; and No. 93, *A Study of Trees*, by the same lady,—are very delicate and effective sketches. No. 83, *Morning, after a Cloudy Night*, C. Varley, from a scene in Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' is not very happily executed; the sky is much too glaring, and the whole does not represent nature very correctly. No. 95, *Jupiter nursed in the Isle of Crete, by the Nymphs of Corybantes*, J. Cristall,—this is a very clever painting, and contains no less than fifteen figures; the colouring is delicate and appropriate, and the whole group very happily disposed. No. 105, *Iris Pavia, Cistus, Acacia, and other flowers*, Mrs. Fielding,—we will not say of these flowers as was said of the productions of an artist of old, that the very bees were deceived, and alighted upon them, but they certainly make as near an approach to nature as we can conceive it possible. No. 111, *A Frolick at the Toilette*, W. J. Thomson,—exhibits a very pleasing picture of childish playfulness. No. 112, *View on the River Nid, at Knaresborough*, C. Deane,—from personal observation, we can declare this to be an admirable representation of the delightful scene it portrays. No. 115, *The Afternoon Nap*, and No. 116, *Clandestine Correspondence discovered*, by F. P. Stephanoff,—are very natural and characteristic. They are much in the style of Wilkie, and though of course inferior, are worthy of being ranked in the same school. No. 128, *The Veteran*, who 'shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won,' W. Scott,—is not without merit. No. 131, *A Mail Coach*, T. L. Agasse,—is a good painting; the coach is in the act of descending a hill so steep as to require the dexterity of the driver to manage it. No. 141, *Trial of Algernon Sydney in the Court of King's Bench, before Judge Jefferies, with portraits of some other eminent political characters of the time*. F. P. Stephanoff. This is a subject in which all Englishmen must feel interested. The virtuous and patriotic Sydney undergoing the mockery of a trial, before the most sanguinary of judges, presents a melancholy picture of the perverted justice of those days. The painter has treated the sub-

ject with much judgment, and we should gladly see an engraving from it, as illustrative of a memorable though melancholy event in our history. No. 146, *A Glass Salver, with fruit and flowers*, Mrs. Fielding,—is in that lady's happiest style.

CENOTAPH TO THE MEMORY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

No 'sculptured urn,' or 'monumental bust,' are necessary to perpetuate the affectionate regard with which the lamented death of the Princess Charlotte impressed all classes of society throughout the whole extent of the British empire; it was therefore well said by a poet at the time,—

'Raise not an urn of sculptur'd art
That perisheth with years,
Her monument's each British heart,
Her epitaph its tears.'

But while the deeds of heroes and of statesmen are recorded on marble, it was thought that some tribute of a similar nature but surpassing in magnificence, as much as the object was above all common occasions, should be offered. With this view a very liberal subscription was raised, and the execution of the plan left to Mr. Matthew Wyatt, a gentleman who has distinguished himself in those two branches of the fine arts—painting and sculpture.

Mr. Wyatt has finished a monumental group for the cenotaph, now exhibiting to the public, which for grandeur of design and delicacy of execution, may be ranked among the *chefs d'œuvres* of the present day. In this monument, which is truly national, Mr. Wyatt has avoided the too common error of borrowing from fable; it is thus that we see monuments in Christian temples defiled by the emblems of the heathen mythology. The group consists of nine figures; in the lower part, the sacred corpse is represented on a bier, at the mouth of the tomb, and surrounded by four figures overwhelmed with grief, to indicate the public lamentation of people in the four quarters of the globe. We can scarcely conceive any thing finer than this part of the cenotaph; the attitude of the four figures is so expressive of that silent but solemn and genuine grief, that they appear to shrink from the eye of all observance; this is so forcibly expressed, even through the drapery that would appear to conceal it, that it must strike every beholder as one of the finest efforts of art. The upper part of the group consists of a fine full length figure of her Royal Highness ascending to the mansions of bliss; the likeness is particularly striking, and the whole figure truly majestic; on each side is an angel, one of which bears the infant, and are ready to accompany their sister spirit in its flight.

Such is a feeble outline of this group, but to see its effect it must be viewed, for every description must fall very far short of its merits. R.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Morton's excellent comedy of *Speed the Plough* has been performed at this theatre. This comedy is so well known, and its merits have been long so justly appreciated, that there is nothing left for criticism on the subject. The same might almost be observed of

the performers, who have often appeared in the same characters. The Farmer Ashfield of Dowton, the Sir Abel Handy of Munden, the Miss Blandford of Mrs. Edwin, and the Dame Ashfield of Mrs. Harlowe, are among the best performances of the day. Mr. Elliston enacted Bob Handy with that spirit and judgment which he can always display, when his talents have the proper field for exertion. Possessing, as Mr. Elliston does, such an assemblage of the best comic performers of the day, we wonder that comedy is not oftener exhibited.

Mr. Kean took his benefit at this theatre on Monday night; it was called his last benefit, and we understand that, immediately on the conclusion of the season, he sails for the United States. This we much regret, not only on account of losing his splendid talents for the time, but a trip to the United States is ominous, and we do not know a single instance in which it has not been injurious to the adventurer. There is certainly nothing to learn in the histrionic art in America; and the most splendid talents are likely to be impaired where there is no competition, nor even the correcting presence of judges of the drama to stimulate to exertion. At an early hour, the house was crowded in every part to excess, and thousands were obliged to leave the theatre unable to obtain admission. The play was *Venice Preserved*, the character of Jaffier by Mr. Kean. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Kean's acting, will readily think that the mawkish sensibility of Jaffier was somewhat out of his line, and that he would much better have represented the 'gay bold-faced villain Pierre.' He however, played the character with much discrimination, and in the last scene was particularly effective. Mrs. M'Gibbon played Belvidera, in a tender, impassioned, and dignified manner. Mr. Elliston made a very animated Pierre.

We are sorry to say any thing against a gentleman who has so often delighted us, especially on the eve of separation; but surely the attractions of the evening were sufficient, without the tragic hero descending to play the buffoon. 'From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step,' and that step Mr. Kean injudiciously took when he degraded himself so far as to appear as an 'actor of all work,' in a farce written for the occasion, entitled the *Admirable Crichton*. Our readers need not be told that history records Crichton as the most extraordinary man of any age or country; he was master of twelve or fourteen different languages, and surpassed all the learned in subjects of science. His personal accomplishments were equally superior, and he excelled in dancing and fencing; so much so, that he fought and defeated a gladiator in a public exhibition. To attempt to personate a character like this, was a task, if not of presumption, at least of considerable difficulty; but had Mr. Kean only done this, we could have forgiven him, but when he descended into Harlequin and a mimic, he was degrading both himself and his prototype. In the course of the evening, Mr. Kean sung a very sweet song, accompanying himself on the piano forte. In this he was loudly encored. He fenced with much skill in an *assaut des armes* with Mr. Shaughnessy. He next danced with considerable agility, until he unfortunately sprained his ankle; which, while it saved him from the humiliation of playing Harlequin, has, we regret to say, disabled him from any performance since that evening. He imitated Kemble's speech in Hamlet, 'Alas poor Yorick!' Inledon's song of 'the Lads of the Village,' and Braham's 'Maid of Lodi,' and afterwards Munden,

Dowton, and Harley. None of these imitations were of the highest description, they all approached too nearly to caricature.

As Mr. Kean appears ambitious to be the Crichton of the nineteenth century, we should be justified in examining the resemblance between him and the Admirable Crichton, though the task might appear invidious. Some of Mr. Kean's social friends would be better able to trace the resemblance in one respect; but, however this may be, we hope their fates will not be similar, and that our theatrical Crichton will not die in a drunken brawl.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Friday night, the tragedy of *Macbeth* was performed at this theatre, for the benefit of Mr. Macready, and drew a most brilliant and crowded audience. This gentleman first announced his intention of appearing in the character of *King Lear*, but he very prudently changed it for that of *Macbeth*, as one in which he was much more likely to succeed. It was his first appearance in the character, and he certainly sustained it with considerable ability. He displayed a just conception of the author, and gave the many striking passages with which the play abounds, with effect; but there was a want of that dignity which should ever accompany the representation of the character. The banquet scene was one of the best in the whole performance, and a new reading which he gave to it was received with much applause. He did not, as is customary, intimidate the ghost into a retreat, but falling back himself, sunk into a chair, covered his face with his hands, then looked again, and on perceiving that the ghost had disappeared, and that he was relieved from the frightful vision, he became 'himself again.' Mrs. Bunn in *Lady Macbeth*, and Mr. Terry in *Macduff*, were respectable. The play was received with great applause; and we doubt not, Mr. Macready will frequently repeat the character. We were sorry to see him yield to the clamours of a part of the audience, and make his appearance on the stage at the conclusion of the performance.

SURREY THEATRE.—We visited this theatre on Tuesday to see a new piece, founded on one of the Tales of my Landlord, called *Old Mortality, or Burley and Morton*. The subject affords considerable scope for dramatic action, but not sufficient to display the talents of the principal performers; the parts of Lady Bellenden and Edith Bellenden, by Mrs. Dibdin and Miss Taylor, are of this cast; yet there are several others which were well sustained and excited much interest, such as Jenny Dennison, by Miss Copeland; Henry Morton, by Mr. Watkins; Cuddie Headrigg, by Mr. Fitzwilliam, and John Balfour, by Mr. Huntley. The furious zeal of the covenanters is well depicted, and their cause extremely well supported by the latter gentleman; but the piece is much too long, and a judicious curtailment alone can establish it in public favour.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

A voyage to Lapland and the seas beyond, is preparing by the French government. It will embrace the interests of the sciences and arts, will proceed beyond the North Cape, into the Frozen Ocean, and is expected to terminate about the end of September, 1820. This mission is confided by the Minister of Interior, to M. de la Morinière, inspector of the fisheries.

A second volume of the travels of the late John Lewis Burckhardt is in the press; it will contain a Journey from Aleppo to Damascus; a tour in the district of Mount Libanus and Antilibanus; a tour in the Hauran; a journey from Damascus, through Arabia Petræa, to Cairo; and a tour of the peninsula of Mount Sinai.

Dr. Halliday is about to publish a general history of the house of Guelph, from the earliest period to the accession of George the First to the throne.

M. Belzoni has a work forthcoming of a narrative of the operations and recent discoveries within the pyramids, temples, tombs, and excavations in Egypt and Nubia, and of a journey to the coast of the Red Sea.

M. the Count de Romanzow is projecting, at his own charges, two new expeditions, one of which is to set out from Tehouktches, so as to pass over the solid ice, from Asia to America, to the north of Behring's Strait, at the point where Cook and Kotzebue were stopped. The other is intended to ascend one of the rivers which disembogue on the western coast, in Russian America, in order to penetrate into the unknown tracts that lie between Icy Cape and the river Mackenzie.

The commercial world will learn with satisfaction, that a plan has been commenced, under the auspices of the British government, for determining the relative contents of the weights and measures of all trading countries. This important object is to be accomplished by procuring from abroad correct copies of foreign standards, and comparing them with those of England at his Majesty's mint. Lord Castlereagh has, by the recommendation of the Board of Trade, issued a circular, dated March 16, 1818, directing all the British consuls abroad to send home copies of the principal standards used within their respective consulates, verified by the proper authorities, and accompanied by explanatory papers and other documents relative to the subject. Most of his lordship's orders have been already executed in a very full and satisfactory manner. The dispatches and packages transmitted on the occasion are deposited at the royal mint, where the standards are to be forthwith compared. The comparisons are to be made by Robert Bingley, Esq. the King's assay master of the mint, and the calculations by Dr. Kelly.

A diamond, said to be worth 20,000*l.* and consequently one of the largest in the world, was among the spoils of the Peishwa, and is now in the East India Company's treasury, to be sold for the benefit of the captors. It was brought to England by the ship York. A block of amethyst, or rather a mass of amethysts, has been sent from Brazil to Calcutta. This extraordinary specimen is four feet in circumference, and weighs 98 pounds. It is in its rough state, and consists of more than 50 irregular columns, smooth, transparent, purple and white, shooting up like crystals from a common matrix.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Books.—We have frequently (says the editor of an American paper) observed in old volumes, the wit and learning of former owners displayed in rhyming admonitions to the reader not to steal the book. Looking over a few books, comprising a small lot purchased at auction, the other day, we observed the following upon the blank leaf, which we think equals any thing of the kind we have ever seen. It is copied literally except the name.

‘Don’t stel This Book my honest frend
for init stants the Houners name,
C— G—, on gugment day,
God will say,—were [where] is this
Book you stoll away.’

Fashions.—The following curious paragraph is copied from an old newspaper, printed in 1693:—‘Certaine foolish young men have lately brought aboute a new change in fashione.—They have begun to fasten their shoes and knee bands with buckles, instead of ribbands, wherewith their forefathers were well content, and moreover found them more easy and convenient; and surely every reasonable man will own they were more decente and modeste, than those new fangled unseemly clasps or buckles, as they call them, which will gall and vex the bones of these vain coxcombs beyonde sufferance, and make them repent of their pride and folly. We hope all grave and honourable persons will withholde their countenance from such effeminate and immodeste ornaments. It belongeth to the reverend clergy to tell these thoughtlesse youths in a solemne manner, that such things are forbidden in scripture.’

A pedagogue, who, not being contented with the character of a learned person, aspired to that of a facetious one, asked a lady of vivacity what gender *mater* (mother) was. If you mean mine, replied the youth, she is, undoubtedly, of the *feminine* gender; if you ask me about your own, I should say, without hesitation, *common*.

A lady of easy virtue declared, before some friends, that she continued her profession in order to amass money sufficient to enable her to enter some religious house. Madam, replied a man of wit, your conduct reminds me of the practice of watermen, who pursue their way to the place of their destination with their backs turned towards it.

MR. GLOVER'S EXHIBITION of OIL and WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS is now open, at the Great Rooms, 16, Old Bond-street, opposite Stafford-street, from Nine till Dusk. Admittance 1*s.*—Catalogue 6*d.*

MR. ISABEY'S PICTURES.
THE EXHIBITION of MR. ISABEY'S WORKS, at his Gallery, No. 61, Pall Mall, attracts the attention of Amateurs. This Collection of Water Colour Drawings, contains PORTRAITS of several Crowned Heads; of all the Ministers who assembled at the Congress of Vienna; a very large and highly interesting Drawing, containing Portraits of Bonaparte, surrounded by his Staff, reviewing the Consular Guard, in the Palace du Carrousal; and a great variety of very pleasing Landscapes, Views, Sketches, &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The critique on the Royal Academy by *. *. T. is unavoidably deferred until next week.

J. W. jun., and Sam Spritsail shall have early insertion.

J. W. D.'s ‘Monody’ and ‘Stanzas’ have been received, but like the ‘Occasional Addresses’ of larger theatres than that of Exeter, they do not merit perpetuity.

The two letters of J. G. M. have been received, and while we are grateful for the suggestions of our readers, we think very few of them would wish any department of the *Literary Chronicle* to be displaced for the ‘Theatrical Chit Chat’ which he recommends.

If either John Bull or L. G. had offered a single argument in favour of Mentor, we would readily have inserted it.

In consequence of the wishes often expressed by many friends in the country, a stamped edition of the *Literary Chronicle*, to be entitled the *Country Literary Chronicle*, will commence on Saturday the first of July, price 10*d.* Orders are requested to be forwarded to our Publishers direct, or through the Country Booksellers, Postmasters, and Newsmen.

Errata, p. 365, col. 2, line 39, after ‘scene 4th’ insert ‘Chalon;’ p. 384, in answer to correspondents, for ‘advocastic’ read ‘advocate,’ and for ‘Merton’ read ‘Mentor’.

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